

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1903.

NO. 49.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:28 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:09 A. M. Daily.	
12:23 P. M. Daily.	
3:53 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
6:26 P. M. Saturday and Sunday only.	
5:12 P. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
11:40 A. M. Daily.	
3:10 P. M. Daily.	
5:09 P. M. Daily.	
8:33 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirteenth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays 8:00 to 5:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAIL ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	3:10
" South	11:30	5:54
North	9:30	5:24
South	11:30	6:15
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.		

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall, Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
O. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnson	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

ODD FELLOWS SANCTION MILLION DOLLAR MEMORIAL

Persons of Mixed Blood and Liquor Dealers Will Not Be Admitted in Order.

Baltimore.—At the session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows the report of the finance committee on the proposed million dollar memorial building of Washington Lodge of this city was adopted. The lodge was given power to solicit contributions from lodges and members of the order in the jurisdiction outside of Maryland, provided the grand masters do not object. It was decided, however, that the name of the Sovereign Grand Lodge is in no way to be connected with the project.

Application to admit to membership persons of mixed blood to join the order was defeated by the Sovereign Grand Lodge, as was also a resolution to grant to the Patriarch Militant a direct representation in the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

The resolution to fix the salary of General M. A. Raney, commander of the Patriarchs Militant, at \$1200 was lost. His remuneration will consist of the profits on the sale of supplies to members of that branch of the order. After a spirited debate the resolution to permit liquor dealers to join the order was defeated.

SALESGIRL BECOMES RICH COUNTESS

Employee in a Brooklyn Store Marries a Wealthy Italian Nobleman.

New York.—Through her marriage to an Italian Count with a fortune of \$1,000,000, Emma Moekel, until recently a salesgirl in a Brooklyn department store, has become the mistress of a castle on Lake Como, Italy. To visit the castle Count Mainardi Romoli Ferreri and his wife on Tuesday sailed for Genoa.

The marriage was the result of a romantic mistake. Miss Moekel had known a man of the same name, and when she read in the newspaper that he had come into his inheritance she wrote her congratulations. The Count replied, and after a four months' correspondence he came to Brooklyn to see her. Then she found it was an entirely different person from the one she knew. The mistake made no difference, however, and after a brief courtship the Count and the salesgirl were married. The Count's democratic method of choosing his wife is probably due to his twenty years' residence in America, where at times he worked as a waiter until he was notified he was a Count and a millionaire.

ARMY OFFICERS REPORT ON MILITIA

War Department to Place Information in the Hands of Governors.

Washington.—Reports of Army officers charged with the inspection of the militia of various states are all at the War Department, but some of them are so uncomplimentary that it has been decided not to make the reports public unless the Governors of the states desire it.

It is said at the department that in certain states the militia is little more than a mere shell, without any organization worthy the name, and with discipline, finances and equipment in the worst possible state. In order to protect these states from unpleasant comment all the reports will be withheld and referred to the Governors of states, who may make them public if they like.

HUNG FOR A DASTARDLY CRIME.

A Wyoming Murderer Spends His Last Night in Revelry.

Lander, Wyo.—James Keffer, the murderer of William Warren, was hanged in the jail yard here last week.

The condemned man spent a part of his last night on earth in singing, dancing and telling stories to the death watch. The execution attracted a great deal of attention, as it was the first legal hanging in the State since 1893.

The crime for which Keffer was hanged was the murder of William Warner, an old man who was

store tender for the Lander-Rawlins Stage Company on the Carmody ranch, near Bruce, on December 19, 1901. Warren was shot while asleep and his personal effects stolen.

Powers Parcel Out Northern Africa.

Berlin.—According to the National Zeitung, an international agreement is likely to be reached whereby France will support the Sultan of Morocco in suppressing the troubles within his dominions, and will assume a protectorate over the country; Italy will give up any claims she may have in Morocco in return for a free hand in Tripoli. Great Britain's possession of Egypt will be recognized; Germany will receive satisfaction in the shape of the open door in these territories, while Spain will be compensated for exclusion from or further expansion in Morocco by France.

Flying Bullets Hamper Firemen.

Nevada City.—Fire destroyed the commodious home of Major P. F. Simmonds on the hill off Sacramento street. The firemen were considerably hampered by the explosion of some 5000 rounds of ammunition which occurred while the fire was at its height. This had been stored in a cellar for the State shoot which Company C was to hold. The shells were discharged continuously for upwards of half an hour, but fortunately no one was injured by the flying bullets. The loss was about \$5000.

Would Separate Races.

Atlanta, Ga.—In an address before a mass meeting of negroes Bishop Henry M. Turner of the African Methodist Episcopal church declared that the separation of the races was the only solution of the race problem. Bishop Turner urged that opportunity should be offered to negroes to settle in Africa.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

Rafael Verlarde has been sentenced to life imprisonment by Superior Judge Torrance of San Diego for the murder of Deputy Constable Peter Burke at Picacho several months ago.

General Superintendent W. A. Drake of the Phoenix and Eastern Railroad announces that the road will be completed from Phoenix to Florence and trains running some time in December.

J. A. Redden, a pioneer resident of Woodland, was found dead in bed at his home. He lived alone in his house, his wife having recently died. He crossed the plains in the early 50s to California.

An ice-cream trust has been formed among the manufacturers in San Jose and the price advanced 20 per cent on the gallon. The increased price of ice, salt and sugar is given as the reason for the raise.

Agents of steamship lines have received notice that no more freight of any kind will be received by the White Pass and Yukon Railroad Company for transportation to Dawson and other points below White Horse this season.

Don Tomas Alvarado, a member of one of the famous old Spanish families of Southern California, died in Los Angeles last week. He was born in Los Angeles sixty-three years ago. At one time he was owner of the famous Montseratte ranch.

Henry Radel, a lineman and employee of the Santa Rosa Lighting Company, was electrocuted by coming in contact with a live wire while making repairs to the line. His body hung across the wires until the current could be turned off.

Has a Fortune But Dares Not Claim It.

Robert Hayes, 75 years old, committed suicide at the New Western Hotel at Folsom. He had grown despondent over the failure of money to arrive from a Denver lodge of Masons, of which papers found on his person indicated he was a member.

Captain George Rudlin, a veteran skipper of British Columbia waters and commander of the steamer Princess Victoria, running between Vancouver and Victoria, dropped dead in Vancouver several days ago. He had been on the Coast for forty years.

The Pacific Coast Association of Fire Chiefs in session at Olympia, Wash., appointed a committee on legislation with the object of securing the passage of laws in the several states represented, which will require every village and town to appoint fire chiefs, who shall be fire wardens and building inspectors as well.

At Reno, Nevada, the livery barn of T. K. Hymers, together with a large number of vehicles, paints, oils, hay and thirty head of horses, burned several days ago. Sixty horses were stalled on the second floor, and it was impossible to get all of them out in safety. Loss \$50,000, partially covered by insurance.

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Hotel Man and Guest Held Up.

Baker City, Or.—Manager Harris of the Geiser Grand Hotel of this city and Colonel E. E. Stewart of the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis were held up by a lone highwayman several miles above Sumpter. They were relieved of all their belongings, including the contents of their grips. Harris lost about \$300 in cash, and Stewart was relieved of about \$70. The robber escaped.

Mortally Hurt by Fall from Train.

Modesto.—A man fell from the northbound passenger train a few miles south of Modesto the other morning. He was partially dismembered, his left shoulder was broken and he was otherwise mashed up. He was identified as A. M. Townsend. He leaves a wife and child in Oakland, whether he was going from Los Angeles.

kersfield, Victor Powers, the fourteen-year-old son of a well-known rancher of the South Fork valley, was accidentally shot and killed. The lad was standing with his companions on the schoolhouse steps, when he dropped a loaded shotgun with sufficient force to cause its discharge. The contents entered the abdomen, and he expired before assistance could reach him. He was a nephew of former County Treasurer J. B. Batz.

John Nunez, a brakeman on the logging train in the Cleone woods, near Santa Rosa, met a shocking death the other day. Just how the accident happened will never be known, as Nunez was alone at the time. He was riding some heavily-laden cars down an incline, and it is supposed he lost his balance and fell between the cars while applying the air brake. His body was dragged forty yards along the track and the remains were frightfully mangled.

Frank A. Salmons, the owner of the Pala Chief gem mine in San Diego county, in which he discovered the crystal first known as salmonite and later named kunzite after the eminent authority on gems, Professor Kunz, of New York and Washington, has gone East for the purpose of disposing of the mine. It is owned by himself and three others and he goes armed with an option on the other three-fourths interests.

Because he was too fat, an unknown burglar stuck in the pantry window while endeavoring to enter the residence of Mrs. M. Powell at Portland, Or. The noise he made while endeavoring to extricate himself aroused the women inmates of the house, who screamed for help. Mrs. Powell ran to a neighbor's house to give the alarm and her daughters went into the basement in search of some weapon. As two men arrived on the scene, the burglar managed to wriggle loose, fell inside the pantry, ran out of the front door and escaped.

The dead body of a man supposed to be A. L. Miller, a ranch laborer, was found in East Lake Park, Los Angeles, where he had shot himself with a revolver during the night. Two bullet holes were found in the man's body and a revolver was clutching in his hand. From papers in Miller's pockets it was learned that he had been a member of the Maquon, Ill., Lodge of Knights of Pythias and that in 1897 a traveling card of the I. O. O. F. had been issued to him from the Jefferson, Ill., lodge. The man was apparently a sufferer from consumption and was penniless.

Has a Fortune But Dares Not Claim It.

Duluth, Minn.—Adolph Buch, a waiter in Haley's restaurant in this city, has received word that he has fallen heir to \$23,000 in Frankenburg, Saxony, Germany, but he says he dare not go and claim it because when he was in the German army eight years ago, he told a funny story at the expense of the Emperor. Buch was a gunner and fled from Germany to America the day after the story, which was related at a banquet when everybody present was in high spirits. Buch has sought legal advice as to how to proceed in getting his money. He is now a full citizen of the United States.

Cotton Crop Damaged by Insects.

Houston, Texas.—According to a comprehensive summary of the cotton crop situation, 15 per cent of the whole has been damaged by insects. The Post of this city summarizes the reports received from all parts, saying that the cotton was materially damaged by the boll weevil in seventy counties of the State. About twenty counties report sharpshooters and leaf worms as having done great injury to the crop. The estimate of the probable yield is now conservatively

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Some men convince themselves by trying to persuade others.

It is more blessed to give than it is to receive—also more expensive.

No, gentle reader, a man does not necessarily need to be a cur to enjoy dog days.

Your friends may try to appear interested, but they don't like to hear you tell your troubles.

Occasionally when a man doesn't know just what to say his silence is mistaken for a superior brand of wisdom.

One of the Rothschilds has offered \$5,000 for an arctic flea. Unless he is an expert in judging fleas he is liable to get bitten.

Russell Sage is to be commended as a man who has reached his eighty-third year without contracting an extravagant habit whatever.

It costs something to get the information, but Uncle Sam succeeds in locating an uncharted rock somewhere on his coasts every few days.

The commotion about trade in the Orient suggests a new version of an old conundrum. When in an open door not an open door? When it is an international jar.

According to Professor Zueblin we are a people that multiply our bath tubs and the need for them at the same time. But then this is not quite so bad as leaving out the bath tubs altogether.

A Chicago university professor is credited with the statement that cannibalism, in its place, is all right. Bronson Alcott, the Concord philosopher, used to say, "If you are going to eat meat at all, why not eat the best?"

A chapter on the favorite outdoor sports of persons more than one hundred years old would necessarily be brief, yet there is more material than the unobservant might anticipate. A press dispatch announces that a New York citizen celebrated his one hundred and first birthday, in part, by rising at six o'clock, eating a hearty breakfast, and going out to play croquet with members of the family.

The school board of New York has refused, after deliberation, to grant the request that tablets bearing the names of the three assassinated Presidents be placed in the schoolhouses. Such a tablet, they felt, would seem to elevate these three men above others who have filled the office, and elevate them—here is the point to note—not because of deeds or qualities, but because of the method of their death. The committee wisely decided that anything which kept assassination in mind was out of place in a schoolroom.

The partition of China, the Eastern question, the development of South Africa are mere child's play by the side of the mysterious question, "Will America ever be Americanized?" In all seriousness, it is time that an "American invasion," like charity, should begin at home. It is no blind worship of the past, least of all, pessimism, to sigh over the American spirit of former day, as Wordsworth did over Milton, and say, "Thou shouldst be living at this hour." With contempt of orderly legal process rampant in various parts of the land; with the equality of men before the law sharply challenged, and with the career open to talent denied, thoughtful Americans may well cry out for a reassertion of American liberty under a government of law.

It is the little things that count in this world. The trifles that no one hears very much about—perhaps they are never known to the world at large—but only some one somewhere knows that a good deed has been done. Big things speak for themselves. Grand stand players are pretty sure that their light will not be hidden under a bushel measure, and that an observing populace will pay a just and deserved tribute to their charity, no matter what particular shape it has taken. Every one talks about their love for their fellow men, and what they do to further their interests, and they are so constantly in the glare of the lime light that they in time really consider themselves public benefactors. And so they are, because they undoubtedly have been of material assistance to others. But what of the man who gives his charity quietly? Who never lets his right hand know what the left has done. The man who gives and gives day after day, and forgets it as soon as his hands leave his pocket. The man who cannot see a friend going down the hill without stopping to give him a boost up again. The man who can give a cheery word if he has nothing more to give, and who moreover loves to give it. How many of these men do you know? You could count them on one hand, couldn't you? And yet they are many.

It has lost some of the gloom attributed to it by the poets of the last generation. Once there was a response in every heart to the famous line: "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year." Now it has a hint of artificiality, and it seems to

be only the pleasant melancholy of extreme youth that flourishes in the splendid glow and invigorating air of October and November. Some of the reasons for this change are prosaic enough. One is doubtless the gradual disappearance of the physical dread of winter brought about by the invasion of farm house and apartment house by the useful furnace. When the farmer's family slept in rooms in which water froze and into which snow drifted under the shingles, to lie in tiny drifts along the floor, they might be pardoned for a little shrinking at the approach of cold weather. The summer vacation has done its share in scattering the sadness of autumn. The gloom of barren fields and leafless trees was deepened by tired nerves and a reluctant digestion. Now, when almost every worker has a short breathing space, the fall comes as the beginning of a season of healthful if strenuous work, not as the end of one weary struggle and the beginning of another still more weary. But the change of mood in regard to autumn has a still deeper source. Knowledge and science have given us confidence in the permanence and beneficence of nature's laws. The savage feared the eclipse which we now study with delighted eagerness. The pioneer dreaded the winter of an untried climate. The dangers of drought, of flood, of famine and of tempest have all been mitigated or conquered by the advance of civilization. So the farmer and the poet alike may exchange "the melancholy days" of Bryant for "the happy autumn fields" of Tennyson, and may have faith with Browning that "spring shall plant and autumn garner to the end of time."

There is an increasing tendency of the public to challenge the wisdom of maintaining high schools at public expense. While the discussion of the status and purpose of the high school will take a wide range, the question that is of greatest popular and pedagogic interest is stated as follows: "Should the public high school be looked on primarily as a school to prepare young men and women for the college and university? Or should it be viewed as an independent school with its own important ends and aims, to which preparation for higher schools must be strictly secondary?" In discussing this question it should not be forgotten that the high school and the State university are integral parts of the "common school system" of the State. The existence of the State university as a part of the State's system of public education implies the existence of a connecting link between the grammar or intermediate grades and the State university. To leave out any of the rounds in the State's educational ladder would be illogical and unwise. It is plainly obvious therefore that preparation for the State university should be at least an incidental consideration in arranging the curricula of the high schools. There is little doubt, however, that the preponderance of opinion among the more progressive educators favors the idea of making the high school "the people's college" instead of a preparatory school for the higher institutions of learning; that its chief aim should be to provide a more practical training in language and the sciences for pupils who are unable to attend colleges or universities. It is their belief that it should supply the "finishing touches" to a common school education, and that preparation for a university should be only a secondary consideration. To the mind of the layman there does not seem to be any reason why the high school should not serve both these purposes. There is nothing incompatible between the idea of a "people's college" and the shaping of a curriculum in such a way as to prepare pupils for a university. The preparatory course should be separate and distinct from the course that is designed to finish a boy's education and prepare him to grapple immediately with the problems of life. Such a combination of purpose would seem to constitute the ideal twentieth century high school.

Melinda Went.
One of the old Governors of the Carolinas was a man who had lived a farmer's life most of the time until he was elected; and his wife having never seen steamboat or a railroad and having no wish to test either one, refused to accompany her husband to the capital.

When the Governor reached his destination he found that almost all the other officials were accompanied by their wives, and he sent an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Melinda along."

The brother telegraphed, "She's afraid even to look at the engine."

The Governor read the message and pondered over it for a few moments.

At the end of that time he sent off the following command:

"Bill, you blindfold Melinda, and back her on to the train."

"Melinda" arrived at the capital with the victorious "Bill" twenty-four hours later.

Claim of St. Louis.
The city of St. Louis claims the distinction of being the only large city in the country which has a separate and distinct political organization apart from any county. New York includes five counties.

Looking for Life.
Professor Herrera has shown, before the Sociedad Cientifica of Mexico, several micro-photographs of artificial living protoplasm which consist solely of calcium metaphosphate in actual movement in salt solution.

A father may disinherit his children, but he can't disinherit the lawyers.

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EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The End of the World Again.

MAN of the name of Baxter is causing a commotion in certain quarters of London by prophesying that the world will come to an end in 1924. Mr. Baxter's reasons for setting the limit at 1924 are not very plain to outsiders, but he claims to have Biblical authority for his conclusion. People who foresee the end of the world always have the Bible to back them up. It is simply a matter of interpretation.

Many people found a few years ago that their Bibles plainly pointed to the destruction of the world at the end of the nineteenth century. Signs and portents were everywhere, and when the whistles blew at midnight on the 31st of December and no general explosion came off there were thousands of men, women and children who drew long breaths and gladly decided to take a fresh start.

Prophet Baxter is probably no more of a seer than any of his predecessors in the end-of-the-world predicting business have been, but he may be serving a good purpose. Every time anybody sets a day for the end of the world certain people begin trying to do better. Hence those predictions are not without good results. Sometimes it seems as if society might be considerably benefited if there were more of them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Ever Present Germ.

HERE will science concede to us some measure of safety? It has lately been proved experimentally—which means that it is really so—that books may carry tuberculosis, and it was already known that they communicate scarlet fever and other infectious diseases. It is no longer safe to borrow a book unless we disinfect it thoroughly with powdered formal. If we fly to the mountains to escape germs, we find that even the pearly raindrops that fall there contain them. Almost any one would suppose that in the middle of the sea we should find ourselves free from them; but certain conclusive observations lately recorded show not only that "even the water of the central portion of the North Atlantic Ocean is not wholly free from bacteria," but that the germs in sea water are increasing in numbers. No sea water and no rain water has been found perfectly devoid of germs, though the rain water over the deep sea is more nearly free from them than the rain water that falls over the land. Not all these wandering germs are hurtful, but some of them are. The conclusion is rapidly being developed in the lay mind that, the microbe being omnipresent, one is as safe from him in one place as another.—Harper's Weekly.

Why Men Eat Too Much.

ATING is the greatest of all our standard amusements. A great number of people obviously eat a great deal more than they need, and it is entirely credible that a large proportion of the moderate eaters might thrive as well and look as handsome and work as hard and live as long on a very much restricted diet. But would the joy of life continue unpaired for them? The native-born could subsist for 11 cents a day, but would they think life was worth living on 11 cents' worth of food a day? No, they wouldn't. That is one thing that kills them.—Harper's Weekly.

Summer Life on the Farm.

HERE appears to be a steady demand for sightly farms in the New England States and a growth of that taste which makes people of means prefer the rest of country life during the summer, to the confusion and crowds which make life at a summer hotel wearisome and sends people home in the fall as tired, if not more so, than when they sought relaxation. The extension of steam and trolley lines has robbed country life of a large part of its isolation and helped induce people "to go back to the land." Old farms, which a generation ago hardly kept a family alive, are found to have a market value, owing to panorama of hill, vale, lake and river, which counted nothing in the

eyes of former owners, and the new occupants draw dividends in health, sunshine, shade and landscape which are fully as valuable as dollars.—Taunton Gazette.

The Nation's Wealth.

HE total wealth of the world is estimated at \$400,000,000,000. These figures are probably lower than they should be, for the reason that statistical returns from South and Central American countries and from the semi-civilized portions of the globe, such as Asiatic nations and the Ottoman empire, are very inaccurate and incomplete. But taking this estimate as correct, the United States owns one-fourth, or \$100,000,000,000, of the entire accumulated capital of the world.

This fact, however, does not mean that the Americans are the best off financially of all the people of the earth. The English are the wealthiest, with the Scotch a close second. Australia comes next, then France, and after her the United States. For the purpose of striking the comparison, the compilation of 1895 from Marshall's "Dictionary of Statistics" is taken, inasmuch as it is fuller than any table subsequently made. The per capita wealth of England is \$1,584; Scotland, \$1,257; Australia, \$1,123; France, \$1,210; United States, \$1,123. Six other countries whose per capita wealth is worthy of mention are the following: Denmark with \$1,104; Canada, \$940; Holland, \$878; Switzerland, \$878; Germany, \$748, and Belgium, \$739. All these figures, of course, have greatly increased since the year they were compiled, but no great change in the relative standing of the different nations has probably resulted thereby.—Kansas City Journal.

The Gift of Laughter.

OD'S greatest gift to man was the laugh. Without it the human race would have wept itself to death or exterminated itself long ago. Pathos is beautiful. Tragedy is absorbing. But both pathos and tragedy are instantly routed by the laugh.

Laughter has sunshine in it. It is warm. Learned men have searched for the secret of life. What is it but good humor? That's the secret of life being worth living.

What sunshine is to earth good humor is to man. Take the smile and the laugh away and it would be the end of man.

Men can't fight while they enjoy a joke. Death himself recoils from the laugh. The man in a good humor has an enormous advantage over the man who is angry. Anger is dark. Bitterness is filled with shadow. Intolerance is grim and black. Prejudice is blind.

Good humor—with the smile and the laugh—is sunshine in which objects are plain and distortion disappears and wherein phantoms become nothing.—Denver Post.

The Automobilist.

HERE are a great many people in the world who do not seem to realize that their rights end exactly where those of their fellow-beings begin. We are unwilling to believe there are many who are made up of "the combination of Blif and Black George" which that mordant Virginian, John Randolph, of Roanoke, accused Clay of being, with the result of meeting on the field of honor; but there are some who, without being either rogues or hypocrites, or anything else condemned by the written or moral law, constantly forget the rights of others. Consider the untamed automobilist. He is next of kin to the bicycle scrocher who ran his devastating course a few years ago. What is it that makes a man apparently sane otherwise wish to ride at a reckless speed through the city streets, endangering the lives of others, as soon as he thinks he knows how to operate one of those unconcealed deadly weapons? Were we Buddhists we should believe him to be a reincarnation of the war horse described in the Book of Job, that "swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage." * * * He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off!—Philadelphia Ledger.

But if the mind refuses this high hurdle what is the mental condition of the fellow who tries to jump the fact that \$7,348,144,755 worth of raw material is consumed annually by this array of factories, and makes out of this material manufactured products worth altogether \$13,014,287,498? That sum is nearly ten times the authorized capitalization of the greatest corporation on earth, the United States Steel Corporation. It represents the actual value of the States of New York and Pennsylvania combined.

The product in 1890 was less by nearly \$4,000,000,000, while that of 1850 was only a little more than \$1,000,000,000. We rank first among the manufacturing nations of the earth, for we produce according to the most accurate authorities, about half as much as all of Europe combined, the United Kingdom ranking next, Germany third, France fourth and Austria-Hungary fifth.

Further statistics show that 29,000 people more than ten years of age are engaged in productive industry. More than one-third are in agriculture, a fifth in domestic and personal service, a fifth in trade and transportation, the professions hold a meager twentieth, while a fourth are in manufactures and the mechanical pursuits, including mining.

An ingenious statistician has figured out the relative proportions of the sexes engaged in these manufacturing pursuits as follows: If a given establishment employing 100 persons desired the typical division of men, women and children, it would be obliged to employ seventy-seven men more than 16 years of age, twenty women more than 16, and three children or young persons more than 16.

How often men tell things, and then add, "I wouldn't have it known that it came from me." Then why tell it?

COOL HEAD IN HOT WEATHER.

Calm, Unruffled Temperament Rarely

Suffers From the Sun.

The commonest cause of sunstroke is overexertion in times of great heat. One may be sunstruck in a crowded, over heated room as well—or as badly

DOWN ON THE FARM

When fiercely smites the brazen sky
And pavements parched and scorching lie,
Tis then the country-side invokes
Its pilgrimage of "city folks."

The locust through the golden days
His strident hardy-gurdy plays;
The fireflies furnish through the nights
Their myriad electric lights.

The flowers that deck the meadows o'er
Eclipse the gayest milliner store;
They're wholly free to all who pass—
No copper tells "Git off th' grass!"

The cows that 'mid the pastures walk
Are fed on buttercups, not chalk!
No gong they ring, but gently moo.
The milk they serve is white, not blue!

Here winds no plodding caravan
With hail, "fre-e-esh fish!" "Banan!"
"Banan!"
But hens strut forth on sturdy legs
And kindly cackle, "Eggs! Fresh eggs!"
—Four-Track News.

FOR LOVE AND LIFE

WICH shall it be?" Howard Merton had asked that morning as he helped Carol Grey into the saddle, "the wood road up the valley?"

"Neither," she answered with decision. "We will go on the cliff path."

* * * * *

It was to be their last ride together before Carol left for Europe, and the last chance he would have to be alone with her, and to ask again a certain question.

Now they had come out on the cliffs, with the lazy waves breaking against the rocks 100 feet below them. As far as the eye could see the ocean stretching and dancing in the sun.

The road was a mere path skirting the edge of the cliffs, guiled and worn by storm, and Merton was right in calling it dangerous.

"Isn't it glorious?" the girl exclaimed, but Merton did not heed the view.

"I wish you'd answer my question," he said.

"Please don't commence that again, Howard. Is it any use? Don't spoil this last ride."

"It's just because it is the last ride. Spoil the ride! How about spoiling my life? Do you ever think of that? Can any man give you more of love, of devotion?"

"I do not know yet," she answered, lightly. "O, dear! why will you continue? Howard? I know all you are going to say. I tell you that I like you. Why isn't that sufficient?"

"Because I happen to love you. Will you ever know what love is?"

Carol turned and gazed off at the ocean, as if considering. "No," she replied, "I've read of it, and heard of it, but I can't understand, and never shall, I suppose. We've been good friends this summer. We've had a jolly time together—until you fell in love with me and spolit it all."

"I couldn't help it; and I've thought at times that there was some hope—fancied that you really cared. You shall care!" he cried. "You must!"

The girl flushed and her mouth hardened a bit. "I won't!" she replied. "I don't want to care. If I loved you, then good-by to freedom, good-by to my own will. You would control me as I do this horse of mine—or you would seek to, and there would be continual conflict."

"But you needn't, and besides, if you cared—"

"If I cared? I suppose I wouldn't mind then, but do I care?"

"That's what I want to know."

"I'm afraid I don't—at least not enough to give up my own will to yours. I want to continue as I am. Here I am, young, free, with all the great, wide world before me to see, and you ask me to give it up."

"I don't ask you to give it up. Go abroad, see the world, take your pleasure; only leave me some hope."

The girl gave an impatient shake of her head. "I should feel as if I were a tethered animal if I did," she said. "I hate the thought of being mastered."

"And yet one of us must control."

"That's it. If we were married I would want to rule in everything—and if you let me I would hate you. Ah, well, let's not talk of it any more. I'm for a gallop."

"Along here! Nonsense."

"But I will. I want to."

"It's too dangerous."

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes, for you, and I won't let you risk your life."

"You can't help it," Carol replied. "I'm going to. Danger is the spice of life." And as she spoke touched her horse lightly and trotted ahead. Merton quickened his pace.

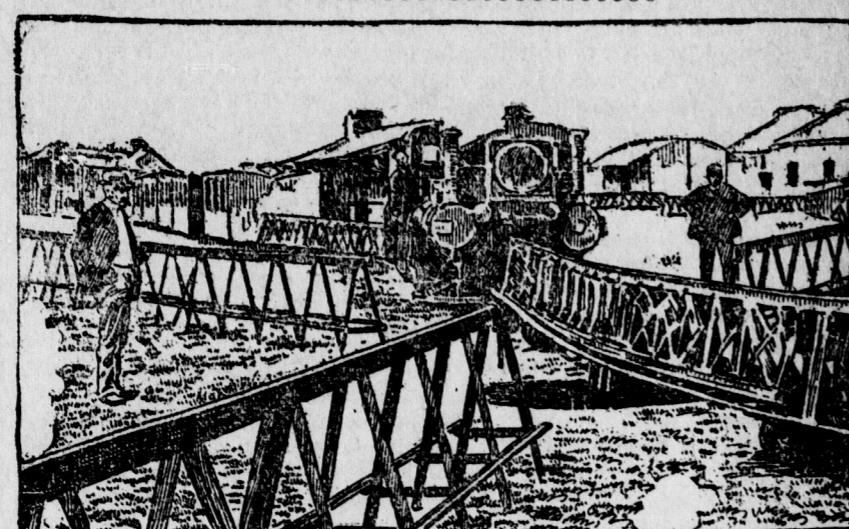
"Don't, Carol!" he cried; but she only laughed. "I'll tell you what," she said, looking back at him, "here's a proposition. I will race you to Bald knob, and if you catch me the prize shall be—the promise you asked of me. My freedom against yours. Who loves me follows me."

She flung the words back at him, and before Merton could gather up his reins she was speeding forward over the rough bridle path, her body bent forward over the horse's neck.

For a moment Merton hesitated, the next he dashed after her, all his thoughts concentrated on the flying figure ahead. She turned once and smiled mockingly back at him. Her scarf streamed out behind her, her hat was off, and her hair, unbound, whipped her neck.

"Jove, how she can ride!" thought Merton in admiration. "What courage!"

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN MILES AN HOUR.



MONO-RAIL SYSTEM NOW IN OPERATION IN IRELAND.

There is at last in sight a railway that will carry passengers 110 miles an hour regularly, and the credit for making it practicable belongs to Great Britain. There have been models of high-velocity railway trains made in different countries, and a mile or two of track have been constructed for experimental uses, but Mr. F. B. Behr, an English engineer, deserves the credit of putting the thing into practical use.

The railway is to be built at once between Manchester and Liverpool, a distance of 34½ miles. Only through trains will be used, and the running



INSIDE A MONO RAIL CAR.

time will be less than twenty minutes.

The system is of the so-called monorail type—that is, the engine and cars rest upon one rail, which is about half way from the floor to the top of the car. By arranging the seats back to back, like an Irish jaunting car, the construction is such that each of the carriages straddles the rail, and extends to trucks on either side below the floor. On these trucks are set wheels which lie horizontally and run on the outside of two other rails. They thus act as steadiers, and admit of very high velocity with safety, and make abrupt curves possible. The plan is to run an engine and one car every ten minutes, and the probability is that in time for a radius of 100 miles

What will! Ah, if a man could but conquer her—could but win her!"

He drove the spurs into his mare and she leaped forward. The road flew past like a narrow, white streak; all he could hear was the quick thud of his horse's feet. Faster flew the black horse and his rider as they heard the sound of the nearing hoofs, and faster flew the bay mare.

Little by little Merton gained. nearer and nearer he came, watching for a chance to pass the girl, and then claim her promise. Bald Knob was in sight, jutting out into the sea, and Merton made a last effort.

He pressed forward, urging on his mare by whip and spur and spoken word, and then, as he came abreast, he saw that the girl was tugging at the reins, trying her best to stop her mount. The black had taken the bit in his teeth and bolted. It was no longer a race, but a runaway on a narrow, stony path, bordered by steep cliffs.

If Carol could keep her maddened horse in the path she would be safe unless he stumbled—if not—

Then of a sudden Merton's heart gave a jump. He remembered that the cliff at one place ahead had given way, leaving a chasm right across the road—and the woman he loved was riding straight to her death unless he could stop her.

"Pull to the left!" he shouted. "Quick! The break in the cliff!"

Even as he spoke Merton saw the yawning gap just ahead. There was but a moment to act. He leaned over and caught the girl around the waist.

"Free your foot," he cried and as she did so, he lifted her from the saddle by main strength and swung his mare to the left as the black horse thundered on riderless and plunged over the chasm.

There was an instant's suspense, and then Merton's mare stumbled, went down in a heap, and Merton knew no more.

When he came to he was lying on the grass by the path side, his head supported by Carol's arms, and her lips against his.

"My darling! My darling!" he heard her cry. "Have I killed you? O, give me! Now, when it's too late, I know what love is!"

But it was not too late.—Indianapolis Sun.

THE HEIGHT OF INSULT.

"I'll have no more to do wid young Harold Percy Flannagan," said Mr. Scannon. "If he comes home, he'll not darken me dure more than wone."

"What have ye against old Tom Flannagan's boy?" asked Mr. McQueen.

"He's too stuck on himself since he rot his job being secrety to Congress-

HABITS ARE VERY BAD

MRS. LESLIE SCORES THE LONDON "SMART SET."

Plutocracy, She Says, the Only Recognized Aristocracy—Debutantes Talk Shockingly, and the Cake Walk is a Favorite in Society.

The Baroness de Bazus, more familiarly known to the general public as Mrs. Frank Leslie, is home from Europe and tells some interesting things about the "smart set" of London. She expresses decided disapproval of many of the features now existing in English society. Plutocracy, she asserts, is the only recognized aristocracy of England. The marriage game is played on a strictly financial basis, and settlements are talked about long before the betrothal of young persons for whose benefit the alliance is planned. American women who find it impossible to enter society in New York can obtain easy access to the London smart set if they only possess the necessary capital with which to lay siege to British royalty and nobility.

"My last trip abroad, from which I have just returned, has convinced me," she said, "American women who are perfectly proper at home frequently



MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

act in an utterly shameless manner when they discover an opportunity to sell themselves or their daughters to some nobleman or aristocratic Londoner. A million dollars is a mere bagatelle nowadays when it comes to purchasing an eligible life mate in the gay English capital. The more you pay the better the article. No small dowries are accepted. You don't have to be in the Queen's set to learn that.

The English know how to appreciate our money bags as well as our beautiful women. London and Paris are filled to overflowing with Americans who are very popular just now because they have been approved by King Edward, who has always been an ardent admirer of American women.

"England may be Americanizing, but the habits and customs of the smart set across the Atlantic are revolting in the eyes of Americans of refinement. That disgusting travesty on dancing, known among us as the 'cake walk,' is danced every night by the aristocracy of England. I do not mean to intimate that the cake walk is not danced here in America, but it certainly is not taken up as a fad among our select sets as it is in England.

"There seems to be no sense of the proprieties regarding the discussion of certain phases of society which are seldom spoken of among us, but which, in London, you may hear young debutantes discussing in the most candid way. Vice in the abstract is openly discussed, and frequently forms the sole topic of conversation at dinner parties where both men and women are present. The example is partly responsible for this state of affairs.

"Drinking is indulged in on a much more temperate scale in London than it is here, and in fact than it was there a few years ago. The nicest people imbibe only the light wines, and while you often see a dinner begin and end with champagne, almost never do you see a variety of wines, while liqueurs and cordials are seldom used and brandies and whiskies are absolutely tabooed in polite society. Of course, the men drink the stronger liquors after the women have left the table and sought the seclusion of the drawing-rooms.

"Much as I might say in honor of the beauty of the American woman, I must confess that the English matron outshines her in one respect. She maintains until she is long past middle life a most glorious complexion. I suppose the climate does a great deal toward improving her complexion, she is virtually steaming her face every day in the dense fogs and rains.

"Oh! I nearly forgot to tell you that King Edward is really in love with Queen Alexandra. He really cannot forget how attentive she was to him during his last illness, and while he still admires Lily Langtry and occasionally puts his stamp of approval on another chosen one, his heart is safe in the keeping of that regal beauty, the Queen."

The title of Baroness de Bazus, which Mrs. Leslie says she has adopted for business reasons when she did not desire her name to appear before the public, is an hereditary one.

RECOGNIZED HIS PORTRAIT.

Miss Fanny, who had just taken hold of a room in an East Side school, says the New York Times, had been having short talks with her children on sub-

WICKED LITTLE REPUBLIC OF MORESNET, WHICH IS TO BE SWALLOWED BY BELGIUM



Moresnet, the little neutral district whose wickedness has caused its downfall, is an odd patch in the map of Europe, at the junction of Prussia, Belgium and the Netherlands. It is about a mile and a half square, contains not more than 2,500 people, and until 1814 was a part of Austria. The reparation of Europe after the downfall of Napoleon in 1815 resulted in an agreement to leave the little strip as neutral ground, upon which all the adjoining countries could meet. So the district has been practically a republic until a few days ago, when the letting of gambling privileges by the councilmen and the consequent debauching of young men from the surrounding country led to diplomatic "notes" between Germany and Belgium and the sale of Germany's claims to Belgium. It is said that Moresnet will now be disciplined, taxed, swallowed up by Belgium, and her men forced to military and other odious service.

jects which she thought would be of interest and instructive. One morning she told them about the "three kingdoms," the mineral, the vegetable and the animal, and explained as simply as she could the meaning of each. Then, naming a number of objects, she let the children tell to which kingdom each belonged. They greatly enjoyed the exercise.

The next morning the talk was along the lines of simple natural history.

"Now, children," she said, "let us see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell me what that one is? It has bristly hair, likes dirt, and is fond of getting into the mud."

Miss Fanny looked expectantly round the room. "Can't you think, Tommy?" she asked encouragingly.

"Yes'm," was the shame-faced reply. "It's me."

REMEMBERS WAR OF 1812; IS PROUD OF HER ANCESTRY

The oldest "Daughter of the Revolution" is Mrs. Elizabeth Sumner Anderson, of Dover, Mass., formerly of Roxbury. Mrs. Anderson was born in 1808, and is one of the five members of the society living whose fathers fought in the revolution. Mrs. Anderson remembers the stirring times of 1812, although but 4 years of age at the time. The events were calculated to leave an impression in her childish mind. She relates stories of all the great battles of the revolution as they were told her by participants. She remembers her father and grandfather as they left home to join the continental troops that forced the British out of Boston. Mrs. Anderson is proud of her ancestors. Her father was Edward Sumner and her mother Johanna Sumner, daughter of Rev. Joseph Sumner, of Shrewsbury. Thus she traces her lineage through both of the famous



families of Revolutionary fame. Her paternal grandfather, William Sumner, was a member of the committee of correspondence and safety of Roxbury and one of the Boston "Tea Party" on March 4, 1876. Mrs. Sumner is proud of the fact that her mother was Gen. Washington. Through her father she is related to Governor Increase Sumner, and is herself a descendant to Charles Sumner, Massachusetts' great anti-slavery representative in the United States Senate. The furniture in her home is of the troublous times, and every piece has a history of its own.

FISH CLIMB TO REACH WATER.

Old Angler Tells Story to Prove Piscatorial Reasoning Power.

"Fishes have more sense than they are credited with having," said an old angler, "and my experience has taught me not to put much faith in the statement that they only know things from the vibration due to concussion. I think they reason in some way or other. I don't know just how it is. I am satisfied that nature has not been particularly extravagant in the matter of fish intelligence. Besides, I know that their eyes are flat, and they can see but very little. I sup-

pose the eye of the fish is worse, if anything, than the eye of the reptile. But taking all these things into consideration, I am convinced from little things I have observed that the fish is a pretty wise member and that he at least knows what is good for him when he is confronted by the blunt issue of surviving or not surviving. Why is it that a fish always flounders toward the water? That's the point I have in mind, and it is the one fact above all others that has convinced me that the fish has more sense than we think. I have never seen a fish that would not flounder toward the water.

"I know two answers will be made to this suggestion. One is that there is generally a slope toward the water, and that hence the force of gravity determines the direction of the fish's movement. And the other is a primary reason—the matter of instinct. These explanations do not satisfy me. In the first place, I reject the theory which makes a difference between instinct and reason. I cannot tell the difference between the attributes, so much are they alike. In the second place, I want to tell you that I have seen fish floundering up hill. Why? Simply because they were forced to flounder up hill in order to get back into the water. Does a fish know anything about direction and distance? I think so. I have seen them jump and flounder up hill, inch after inch, until they got back to the edge of the stream out of which they had been jerked. It may be that some of the writers call 'instinct,' but to save my soul I can't tell 'instinct' from what we are accustomed to regard as reason in higher forms of life."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THRIFTY GERMAN WOMAN.

She Makes the Government Custodian of Valuable Securities.

If women are not quite such good hands at making money as men, they at least take the palm in devising extraordinary means for saving it, says the London Telegraph. A curious case in point has recently come to the knowledge of a firm of bankers in Bunzlau, who, disgusted at the cleverness with which they had been deprived of their yearly fees, have made the matter public. In that city there is a wealthy woman who is wont to improve her mind by frequent travels and as she possesses a goodly collection of debentures, shares and other kinds of scrip she was accustomed to deposit them in a well

THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Fran
Cal., as second class matter, December
12th, 1856.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, in advance.....	\$1 50
Six Months,	75
Three Months,	40

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Co Grand
and Linden Avenues,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San
Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1903.

The people of San Francisco have voted nearly eighteen million dollars in bonds for the improvement of their city. Now let the people elect Henry J. Crocker Mayor, and these will be expended honestly, economically and effectively. As a suburb of the greater San Francisco of the future this young city has an interest in this business.

The Panama Canal treaty made its exit on September 22d, but the Panama Canal farce still keeps to the boards. The latest press dispatches announce the desire of the Colombian Government to keep the canal negotiations alive. In plain English this means that the moneyed interests opposed to the construction of any isthmian canal, propose to use the Government at Bogota to delay, if not to defeat the canal. We do not believe President Roosevelt will permit the will of the American people to be thus defied and defeated.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. Hatnaway having retired from the Times, as stated in last week's issue, the management desires to announce that his interests have been purchased by Paul Pinckney, who enters upon his duties as editor with this issue. Mr. Pinckney comes from the Chronicle staff of San Francisco, where he has done appreciated work. He is a newspaper man of large experience and will undoubtedly maintain the high standard of excellence to which the Times has attained under his predecessor. While regretting the loss of Mr. Hathaway's services, the Times extends him its best wishes for success in the new and broader field of journalism which he has entered. Mr. Noel remains as the senior partner of the new firm and will be found in his accustomed place.—Times, San Mateo.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

So many people try to begin at the top instead of the bottom.

A white vest and an empty pocket book are a mighty poor combination.

A free ticket never improves a man's real opinion of a show—after it's over.

The trouble with swallowing a kick is that you will have it to swallow again.

Unfortunately the people who say disagreeable things do most of the talking.

More stones are rolled in the way of a kicker than an indulgent man. A mill must be fed.

Children cry for candy, and their fathers makes the same kind of a fuss for taffy. (Sent in by a mean woman.)

The harder a man makes it for the woman who is chasing him the harder she will make it for him after he is caught.

We wish to announce early in the season that we have more enthusiasm for the mother and her frying pan, than for the Young Thing and her chafing dish.—Atchison Globe.

SQUABS FOR MARKET.

With ten thousand pigeons and two acres of river bottom an enterprising Los Angeles, California, man is making a fortune at squab raising. This ranch supplies practically all the squab used in San Francisco and Los Angeles during the entire year.

The farm is novel enough to be worth a visit, but fortunately for both the pigeons and their keeper, it is somewhat off the beaten track of the tourist, being hidden away behind a hill in a rather inaccessible angle of the Los Angeles river, and the arroyo seco that skirts Los Angeles and Pasadena. The owner of the ranch does not court sightseers, as pigeons are not fond of strangers, and there is no enclosure to prevent their leaving home at any time.

The raising of squabs for market is a ticklish business. More than one man had tried it and failed. The growth of this ranch, which started three years ago with a stock of two thousand birds, shows what pigeons think of California climate, and that is one of the secrets of its success.

The pigeons live entirely in the open except when they are hatching. All day long, and all night, too, they perch upon the roofs of sheds built for nesting places, flying about only to pick their food from the ground or go for a drink or a bath to shallow pools in the broad and but partly used river bed. The endless cooing and whir of wings makes a strange sound that can be heard at a great distance.—Bertha H. Smith in Sun-set Magazine for October.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. Cunningham at Postoffice building.

OLD FAVORITES

Mandalay.
By the old Moulinet Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea.
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks of me;
For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they say:

"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay?
Can't you ear their paddles chukkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?

O, the road to Mandalay,
Where the dyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the Bay!

Er Petticut was yaller an' er little cap was green,

An' er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,

An' a-wazin' Christian kisses on an' eathen idol's foot;

Bloomin' visi made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gaud Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed her where she stud!

On the road to Mandalay.

When the mist was on the rice fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,

She'd get 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-lo-lo!"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' her cheek agin' my cheek,

We usher watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.

Elephants a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, sputty creek.

Where the silence 'ung that eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!

On the road to Mandalay.

But that's all shooe be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,

An' there ain't no buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells:

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else."

Nof you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,

An' the sunshine an' the palm trees an' the tinkly temple bells!

On the road to Mandalay.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin' stones,

An' the blasted Hengish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;

Tho' I Walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law! wot do they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!

On the road to Mandalay.

Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst,

Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thrist;

For the temple bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—

By the old Moulinet Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea!

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!

O, the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin' fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the Bay!

Rudyard Kipling.

ROYALTY SAW DETROIT.

Prince de Joinville and Suite Once Spent a Day There.

Along in the latter '30's and early '40's I was clerk in the book store of Sidney L. Rood in the Cooper Block on Jefferson avenue, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. I recall an incident that happened in which the Prince de Joinville and his suite fig-

They visited this city while en route to Green Bay, Wis., on the steamer Columbus, in charge of Capt. Shook. The steamer lay at her dock one entire day, giving the distinguished party ample time to see Detroit. They visited our store and remained quite a time looking over the French books in stock that I submitted for their inspection and they purchased quite liberally.

Many of our people were curious to know why the prince and his party should be bound for Green Bay. The question appeared to be answered when it was remembered that the Rev. Eleazer Williams, the alleged dauphin of France, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, lived there and it was known afterward that the prince called on the Rev. Mr. Williams, on the steamer's arrival at Green Bay and had a prolonged interview with him. I think the prince did call and see Williams, but he disclaimed afterward that there was any significance attached to it. Yet the people continued to wonder.

In this connection George Knaggs, in Robert B. Roy's history of the Knaggs family, says:

"While on a visit to my relatives in Detroit I met Gen. Lewis Cass, who said: 'You are the very man I wanted to see!'

He went to the Cass residence, where he was introduced to the Prince de Joinville and the Duke D'Aumale, sons of King Louise Philippe of France, who with their suite had just returned from Green Bay, Wis.

It appears that Louis Philippe had heard that a man named the Rev. Eleazer Williams, an Indian missionary in the Episcopal Church of the United States, claimed that he was the son of Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette, who had been beheaded, was consequently the dauphin and en-

titled to the throne of France. To ascertain whether his story was true, the young princes came to the United States, chartered the steamer Columbus at Buffalo, and proceeded to Green Bay, where Williams was preaching to a tribe of Indians.

When they saw and spoke to him, however, they became convinced he was either a wilful impostor or a person deceived by foolish stories. Williams was well known in Detroit. When the First St. Paul's Church, on the east side of Woodward avenue, between Larned and Congress streets, was consecrated, on Aug. 27, 1837, he read the consecration service and was frequently in this city afterward. He died at Hogansburg, N. Y., in 1858.

When the two princes were on their way back they stopped at Detroit and were entertained by Gen. Cass. They had great curiosity to know the situation in the surrounding country, which was once under French rule. Cass was much gratified on being able to furnish a historian on those subjects like Geo. Knaggs, who was gentlemanly, finely educated and spoke French like a native. George accompanied the princes on their steamboat trip to Buffalo, where he bade them farewell, and went to New York, via Lake Champlain.

The Prince de Joinville and the Duke D'Aumale were accompanied by Marshal Bertrand, Count Montholon and the Viscount Montesquieu.

WOMAN SUCCEEDS ON ROAD.

Mrs. E. G. Taylor Makes Living as Commercial Travvier.

Mrs. E. G. Taylor, commercial traveler, representing a Bridgeport, Conn., house, is stopping at an uptown hotel. In an interview with a Commercial reporter, Mrs. Taylor said:

"Why do I sign my name upon the hotel register, 'E. G. Taylor, New York?' The reason is, no doubt, obvious. I was born in Cavendish, Vt., and received my education in the public schools there. I married in Bellows Falls, Vt. My husband died 13 years ago, and I have traveled for nine years representing Thomas P. Taylor, who, however, is no relative of mine. I have been successful; but it is my aim always to be more so. My sample trunk is a large one, and with an average excess of 25 pounds. I never use a hand satchel to show samples in part, but have my trunk taken to stores when it is impossible for buyers to view the samples at the hotel.

"With the exception of a two-week holiday I travel the entire year, visiting all the large cities east of the Mississippi River, and in winter time, for a period of two months, devoting my time to the large cities of all the Southern States, save Florida.

"Many incidents occur while traveling that relieve the monotony. Recently a rather fleshy woman had evidently secured the privilege of storing in the car part of her household effects and many of her pets. Among the latter was a rooster. The conglomeration reminded me of the sign I once saw in front of a general merchandise store out West which reads: 'Bibles and treacle, goodly books and gimlets for sale here.'

"The hotel clerks always treat me with gentlemanly consideration. The traveling men often extend courtesies that show their goodness of heart. In a convention-crowded city, when hotels were filled, they have more than once surrendered their rooms to me and gone elsewhere to search for quarters."—New York Commercial.

He Thought It a Muddle.

One who knew him says that the late Thomas B. Reed learned to use the typewriter while he was in public life at the nation's capital. There was a machine in the Ways and Means Committee room, and that was where he practiced.

One day in the last Cleveland administration, after the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury had been telling the committee about the finances of the country, the ex-Speaker sat down to the typewriter and gave to Bourke Cockran, then the orator of the House, his opinion upon what he thought had been the result of the conference.

The result of his manipulation of the types may seem a contradiction of the statement that he had learned to use the typewriter, but the better conclusion is that the instrument was used to denote the state of mind in which the discussion left him. At all events, this is what he wrote: —qwert S X BBBB N Mu?—my., 2fc h3xXX

Strength of an Egg Shell.

Most people are aware of the power of egg shells to resist external pressure on the ends, but not many would credit the results of tests recently made, which appear to be genuine. Eight ordinary hen's eggs were submitted to pressure applied externally all over the surface of the shell, and the breaking pressures varied between 400 pounds and 675 pounds per square inch. With the stresses applied internally to twelve eggs, these gave way at pressures varying between thirty-two and sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required to crush the eggs varied between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds. The average thickness of the shells was .013 of an inch.—Scientific American.

Elephants as Nurses.

In Siam some of the women intrust their children to the care of elephant nurses, and it is said that the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants, who are very careful never to hurt their little charges.

Somehow, we always expect a curly-haired man to be sentimental.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

One Street Faker Gets Attention in the Hotels.

"Better put this in the safe," said a dapper young fellow with long curly hair flowing over his shoulders and a "Willie boy" walking cane in his hand, as he approached the night clerk at the Savoy the other evening and pulled from his pocket a huge roll of greenbacks. "I will extract one five-dollar bill from the bundle as I might want to spend it in taking in the town."

The clerk handed the long-haired boy an envelope. The money was placed therein and the boy, in a bold hand, wrote on the envelope, "Prince of Mexico."

"Who is that fellow?" asked an elderly gentleman who was standing near the register awaiting his turn.

"He's the son of a Mexican prince," said the clerk.

"Prince the Dickens," chirped in a well known traveling man. "He's a street faker known all over the country for his cleverness. His claim to fame is that he is spending his time behind a grocer's counter. Sir (to the grocer), I wish to ask you a question. Have you any aspirations?"

Grocer (calling to clerk)—John, have we any aspirations?

Clerk—All out, sir; have some in the last of the week.—Kansas City Journal.

A Great Kindness.

Van Schmidt—I don't believe old Kerr Mudgeon ever had a gentle impulse.

Fitz-Bile—That's where you're wrong. He's been very kind to at least one woman, I'm sure.

Van Schmidt—How

TOWN NEWS

No rain in September.

Beware of entrance to a quarrel.

This town is not large enough for factions.

The home owner is the only truly happy man.

This paper will try to be newsy without being nasty.

Regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors Monday.

Geo. Kauffmann is laid up with inflammation of the eyes.

Business is good at all the water front works and factories.

Gus Janevin of Uncle Tom's Cabin paid our town a visit Wednesday.

Money invested in dwelling houses in this town will pay ten per cent.

Wm. Butler of the Baden brick-yards, paid our town a visit Monday.

The local hotels and boarding houses are all crowded to overflowing.

Charley Anderson and Roy Legrand left on Tuesday for San Luis Obispo.

Frank Healy came over from Berkeley and spent Sunday here visiting friends.

V. Bianchi received a large consignment of grapes for wine-making the past week.

Don't forget the ball given by the Women of Woodcraft at the Pavilion this evening.

Mrs. Jos. J. Lane of San Francisco was the guest of Mrs. P. D. Broner on Wednesday.

E. E. Martin of the Grand Hotel has been laid up with the neuralgia the past week.

The painters have finished painting the Daggett residence building on Linden avenue.

Subscriptions to the Enterprise are payable at any time and will be acceptable always.

The Western Meat Company shipped sixteen carloads of packing-house products on Monday.

Mr. Davis, special agent for the Connecticut Fire Insurance Co., was a visitor here Monday.

Henry Michenfelder came down from the city Monday and was about town greeting old friends.

Albert Pigeon, who suffered a stroke of paralysis, is back from the hospital and able to get around.

No time like the present for doing any good thing. Therefore buy a lot here now and bless yourself in the future.

Hose Company No. 1 held a smoker at Butchers' Hall last Saturday evening and a most delightful evening was enjoyed.

Joe Millet is the Colma boy who is after Gus Ruhlin for a match, and not Joe Nuttall, as the types made us say last week.

Mrs. Stutz of San Francisco, and a property owner of this town, spent a portion of Monday here looking after her real estate interests.

Geo. Wallace has put in a door and window at the east side of the McCuen building for the use and convenience of the South City Athletic Club.

Mr. Perham of the Boston Dairy at Baden Station has been laid up the past week with a painful case of blood poisoning, but is now rapidly improving under the skillful care of Dr. Plymire.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Jupiter Steel Company, held on Saturday last, the old directors and officers were re-elected, and it was announced that the works would be ready for business about the 10th of October.

Cemiretti Massio, an employee of Steiger Pottery, while handling pipe, had an artery of his arm cut by a sharp edge of the pipe on Tuesday, and was treated by Dr. Plymire. Massio is getting along all right, but will be laid off work a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Shirley returned on Friday of last week from a visit of five weeks to Mr. Shirley's father and relatives at Brownsburg, Ind. Mr. Shirley has ordered his goods and will reopen his store with a larger and better stock than ever.

A letter from Nome, Alaska, to the editor says Frank Moraga, who drove a team here a short time for his uncle, Gabe Moraga, died recently at Nome, where he was known as Dave Smith. I. M. Ingram (Blondy) who was a carpenter here in '92 and '93, is at Nome.

The engine and two cars of the Land and Improvement Company were ditched near the stockyards Tuesday evening. The accident was caused by the turning of a rail. Superintendent Patchell and Engineer Clawson worked all night, and with only a windlass and ordinary crew of men succeeded in returning the engine and cars to the track in time for work in the morning. The damage to the engine and cars was slight. No other casualties. Engineer Clawson deserves credit for his work.

About 11 o'clock Wednesday night, Mr. C. Graf observed a dense smoke in the neighborhood of the residence of Supervisor Elkerenkotter, and on reaching Mr. Elkerenkotter's home found the stable on fire. Mr. Graf roused Mr. Elkerenkotter and the two hastily attached the hose and turned on the water, but finding the stable doomed, turned their efforts to saving the dwelling house. The alarm was given and the Hose Company turned out. The fire was confined to the stable, which was completely destroyed with all of its contents, including two buggies, two sets of harness and a lot of tools. Mr. Elkerenkotter's old black mare also perished in the flames. The mare was 20 years old and Mr. Elkerenkotter has driven her for 16 years. She had never been sick or even lame for a day in all her

life. The old black mare will be missed from our streets on which she has been such a familiar figure from the foundation of the town. There was no insurance on the stable.

Dr. John Joseph Key, at one time considered one of the best read physicians in San Francisco, died at the San Mateo County Hospital on last Tuesday night.

Dr. Key was for many years a Surgeon of the Police Department at San Francisco, but for the last eight years has resided at Halfmoon Bay. He was formerly in good circumstances, a kind-hearted, generous and sympathizing friend. Shortly before coming to Halfmoon Bay his wife and two children died, and this great sorrow so preyed upon his mind that despite his marriage the second time, drink soon brought him to reduced circumstances, and his sorrow became a burden too great to bear. The hand of fate has dealt harshly with one who was formerly a prominent, well-to-do physician and a generous benefactor to the community, but when drink once finds its victim, it may cause the undoing of the best of men.

Deceased was a native of Massachusetts, about 40 years of age, and has no relatives on the Coast.

Generous friends gave the deceased a fitting burial, services being conducted by the Rev. Father Sullivan, interment in the Catholic Cemetery. —Coast Advocate-Pennant.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., October 1, 1903:

Bertrand, Peter; Lapierre, Eng.;

Mozzetti, F.; Raffetto, A.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

SCHOOL NOTES.

At present the special topic of interest is the collection of scientific specimens being made by the children. To those who have seen what the pupils have brought, it seems remarkable that so many interesting and valuable specimens could be brought together in such a short time.

The collection at present contains many ores, minerals, shells, Indian relics, petrified woods, an old bayonet used in the Civil War, etc. These are to be used by the pupils and teachers in the school work and will serve to make such subjects as geography, history, civil government and physiology more interesting.

A walnut cabinet with glass front has been purchased and will soon be here to hold the collection.

If there are persons in our community who wish to be donors, the school will gladly receive and appreciate additions to the collection.

MEETING OF STEWARDS OF METHODIST CHURCH.

The Stewards of the Methodist Church met at the residence of Mrs. Du Bois on Thursday evening. Plans for caring for the financial and charitable work of the Church were discussed and matured. Mr. Simpson B. Earle was elected Recording Steward and Mrs. Wm. McMullin added to the Board. The Board of Stewards as now constituted is as follows: Mr. Simpson B. Earle, Mr. Thos. J. McMullin, Mrs. Du Bois, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Wm. McMullin.

METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD.

Tuesday afternoon the Pastor, Officers and Teachers of the Methodist Sunday School met at the residence of Mrs. Duer and organized for the ensuing year. A constitution was adopted and the following officers and teachers selected: Superintendent, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury (acting); Assistant Superintendent and Superintendent of Home Department, Mrs. Blanche Sullivan; Secretary, Justin Du Bois; Treasurer, Reuben Inman; Librarian, George Keissling; Teachers, Mrs. DuBois, Mrs. Rollins, Mrs. Duer.

ROCK CRUSHER DAMAGED.

A few days ago a rock crusher at the toll gate quarry, on the Crystal Springs road, was badly damaged by a blast. The machine had just been set up for the purpose of crushing rock to be used in the new concrete bridge to be erected in the vicinity by the county, and a heavy blast was prepared. When it exploded, and after the smoke had cleared away, it was found the crusher and stand upon which it was located had been wrecked and a section of the Spring Valley telephone system destroyed. —Leader, San Mateo.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The October water rate must be paid on or before the last day of October. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of November and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

MILLBRAE NOTES.

The Spring Valley ditch is rapidly approaching completion.

Chas. Ostwald is erecting a neat six-room cottage on the site of one recently destroyed by fire.

Dick Smith was down Sunday on his usual visit to his folks.

The home of Dr. A. L. Hudgens was made happy Saturday morning by the arrival of a son and heir. Both mother and babe are doing well.

The Electric Railway opened up their waiting room in the power station during the week. Since the thirty-minute service was inaugurated the cars make but two stops here—at the Southern Pacific depot and at the Power house.

The postoffice at San Bruno has been moved to the railroad station at that point, made necessary by the recent fire which wiped the hotel out of existence.

Mr. Dickerson who has greatly im-

proved his property here is now a permanent resident here.

Land Agent Thompson escorted a bevy of prospective land purchasers around the burg Sunday.—Leader, San Mateo.

CALIFORNIA COLONIST RATES.

A chance for everybody to see California without spending much money is once more offered by the transcontinental railroads. Colonist rates went into effect September 15th and will continue until November 30th, which means that one may travel from the following cities to California at the rate indicated:

From Chicago to California \$33; from Bloomington to California, \$32; from St. Louis to California, \$31; from New Orleans to California, \$30; from Council Bluffs to California, \$25; from Omaha to California, \$23; from St. Joseph to California, \$25; from Kansas City to California, \$25; from Leavenworth to California, \$25; from Houston to California, \$25. The cost of ticket can be deposited at once with any railroad ticket agent in California and the ticket will be furnished to the passenger in the East, while these low rates are in effect.—Sunset Magazine for October.

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A BALLAD OF BETTER DAYS.

How goes the world with you, old boy?
Has everything been breaking right?
Or has that fleeting phantom, Joy,
Danced nimly just beyond your sight?
Think you it is an uphill fight—
The fight you wage for gold or bays?
No matter—bid your heart be light,
And sing a song of better days.

What though associates enjoy
The pleasures of the sybarite—
The sweets with which you faint would
clay
Your seldom pampered appetite;
Though disappointments may invite
Your thoughts to grope in sorrow's maze.
Look to the stars beyond the night,
And sing a song of better days.

Dame Fortune sometimes loves to toy
Ere at the door she ends her flight;
Ulysses tarried long at Troy
Before it yielded to his might.
The path that leads to yonder height
Winds through forbidden, rock-strewn
ways.
But journey toward the summit white,
And sing a song of better days.

Laugh at the moping cynic's freight,
Stand where the morning sunlight
plays,
Pray that the future may be bright,
And sing a song of better days.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE KNOT IN THE PEARLS

SHE was young and remarkably pretty, with a prettiness that is quite unmistakable and generally acknowledged, that can even triumph over a frock that is not fresh or a style of hair-dressing that is not altogether suitable. But then, in her case, it was such charming hair, so bright and so curly, that he told himself fashionable dressing, which would have reduced her head to the level of a repetition of all the other heads in the room, would have been a mistake, a piece of vandalism. And as for the dress, that was, at any rate, simple (although of the kind that is not expensive or even particularly tasteful), and he managed to overlook it. Yet that was something of a feat—to his credit or not, as you looked at the matter—for he had the reputation of being one of the most fastidious men in London. Moreover, the child—she was only a child, as he admitted—had absolutely no conversation.

But then her eyes were dazzlingly blue, and their gaze had a rapt and heaven-searching quality that was unique even in his wide experience. If she could not, as it seemed, use with any fluency the tongue of men or of angels (just excepting her hesitating "Oh, yes." "Oh, no," and such non-committal trifles), if she was poor at small talk, she was greatly accomplished at looking. From the first the glance of her wide-open, innocent eyes, straying sometimes to his from the contemplation of heaven, seemed to bewitch him, to allure, and, harder still, to hold him in attentive captivity at her side.

And she was eighteen and badly dressed, while he owned to thirty-five, and was well known as an accomplished man of the most sensitive, most exquisite taste.

The woman wasn't born, his friends had been in the habit of saying, who could entirely reach up to his standard of perfection; among themselves they had often pictured her, the nearest thing possible, the woman he would surrender to, and she was cultured and witty, delicately sympathetic, daintily beautiful, and certainly beautifully dressed to the last little detail. And it must be admitted that he had always so pictured her himself.

But while he was a man of ideals, he was also a man of great, of recognized talents, and his world set him up as a shining light, a man to be quoted and followed and generally upheld, although that is not saying that they set him above laughter, or, at any rate, smiles. For it is pleasant to smile at an exceptionally talented or fortunate man; it is a recompense and even a relief to those less distinguished, and, without being malicious, there were many who smiled quite openly and unashamed as he lingered, every time they met, at the side of the girl with the heaven-searching eyes.

"After all!" they said. "So, after all, the usual thing attracts him! Of course, she's sweetly pretty, and he'll choose her frocks!" They didn't feel any less pleasure in their idol because, at last, they had discovered his feet of clay; they were, indeed, enthusiasti-ally inclined to applaud their newer and more homely view of him, and they let the girl with the heaven-searching eyes absorb him, while they looked on in an attitude distinctly suggestive of hand-clapping.

"After all!" they would chorus, and some one would invariably add, "Well, he'll know how to spend the money!" Yet it was common knowledge that he was not overburdened with money, having been, apparently, too overburdened with brains to acquire it in any quantity.

And all the time he was with her he thought only of her eyes and his own power to waylay them from heaven. But when he was not with her, many of his thoughts circled round the cheap row of pearls she invariably wore, and his mind attuned to great subjects took to itself a holiday and spent it in wondering why she tied a knot in them.

Was it of set design, or did she really think they looked better knotted? There had come into his mind, the first time he saw her, an old saying, long forgotten, that a girl knots her pearls when she wants a love letter. Now, did this girl of the innocent eyes in this manner deliberately advertise a want? And was it simply a love letter

she wanted, as one might covet a rare curio or, say, a first edition? (He said a first edition.) Or was it not, perhaps, a letter from a particular person she had set her heart on? Some one who might see the touching little indication of readiness to receive a tenderly worded epistle; some one who, it was hoped, would be eager to comply. Although this last possibility undoubtedly put the girl in the better light, it is noteworthy that it was not the idea he honestly favored.

He followed the little story further. For, if the knot was the result of anything more than mere accident, or other than a clumsy device for keeping the row tightly round her white throat, then, since, as far as he knew, the knot was never untied, also, as far as he knew, she did not get her letter. The blue eyes were sometimes pathetic; in time it grew to hurting him that she should even possibly want what he could so easily have supplied. The whole question, as childish as she was and as strangely engrossing, haunted and disturbed his leisure, and one night, having just left her, he sat down and wrote her the letter.

The bulk of the talents for which people praised him were in the habit of emerging from the point of his pen, and the letter was worthy of his reputation without being at all above her power of appreciation—even supposing she was in all things as young as she looked. It was simple, in fact, as her speech, and as beautiful, after its fashion, as her eyes; and, reading it over, he knew he had never done anything better. But he wasn't as mad as he might have looked—if anyone could have seen him—and he only posted it into his pocket. Having been written to her, it was sacredly hers, and to have it about him gave him a feeling of pleasure he acknowledged with a laugh, and for once did not try to account for in words.

After that he wrote her a letter every time he saw her, and, but that something happened about the sixth time, it is a matter to wonder at how far he would have allowed his pockets to bulge.

What occurred was of the most commonplace description. In hunting for something else, he dropped one of the letters at her feet. She caught it up with a little cry. "Why, it's addressed to me!" If he had not stopped her she would have opened it there and then.

But he couldn't prevent her keeping it, nor prevent himself seeing the laugh in her eyes—a stray gleam that seemed to cast a new light on the pathways to heaven.

"If you like it," he said, "there are more;" and he took out the pack, turning it over.

"But if they are mine I would much rather have them at once!" she cried. "If they are mine you've no right to keep them!"

To tempt her into pleading for them, into more laughter, into quite a torrent of teasing and excited speech, he held out as long as he could. In the end she went off with her letters.

"I'm convinced it's some rubbish," she threw at him in parting; "and I do want to see just how silly you are!"

"Will you tell me how silly you think me?" he asked.

"If you're silly—enough," said she.

Of course he expected an answer—expected it feverishly, filled with a boyish impatience and unrest he had never surpassed in his boyhood. When it came, it was like her, he told himself, and it was certainly put in a few words, if that was really like her, and his doubts on that subject were brand new ones. "Will you come and see me?" she wrote, naming an hour. Of course he went—praying the while that he should find her alone.

And she was alone; so far, he quickly saw the realization of his wish. Yet, for the moment, as he advanced toward her up the long room he hardly knew her—hardly recognized her unadorned beauty, the child of the dowdy frocks, in the perfectly dressed girl now waiting for him with laughter and blushes chasing each other on her bewildering face. For the first time in his life he had nothing to say, and so she was forced to begin. She seemed not unwilling.

"Your letters are charming," she said. She put up a hand to the imitation pearls, side by side with some that looked priceless, among the laces at her neck and twisted them round to show them they were unknotted.

"Your letters are charming," she repeated with the least little break in her voice. Then she brightened and smiled. "And what do you think of my frock?"

"I think it is—charming," he said. She came nearer to him.

"Will you answer me something?" she asked.

"Yes—yes—anything!"

"Only this—which sort of frock do you like me in best?"

"This," he said, true to his creed. "This—I suppose. Oh, my darling, we are starting at the wrong end, but if you keep the letters we shan't be able to afford such frocks!"

"I wouldn't give up the letters for anything," she declared.

"I go with the letters," he said.

Again the laugh in her eyes. "And I'd rather give up the letters than you," she smiled.

"Then hang the frocks!" he cried, and would have caught her to him, but she warded him off.

"Stop, stop!"—then she blushed—for a—. Stop, won't you, please? Then, don't you know, really? Don't you truly know?"

"What?"

"That I've more frocks and more money to buy new ones than I know what to do with, and—and—"

"Do you mean to tell me—" "

"Let me tell you. I mean, I have

childish idea—I see now how childish it was—to try and pass myself off in your society as a poor American girl for a change. And it was a failure; with just one exception. You are the exception, and until now I have never felt quite, quite sure that even you could be excepted." Into her eyes crept their pathetic look.

"My dearest," he cried, "just for your sweet self I loved you! On my honor, I did not know, and I loved you because I could not help it."

This time she did not ward him off.

"No woman wants to be loved for any other reason," she said, "and I shan't mind the money and things any more."

"And the knot in the pearls?" he asked, later.

"I knotted them at first because it seemed, in keeping with the stupid sort of girl I was to be. But when I noticed how you always stared at them, I kept them knotted to—" "Well, why?"

"To keep you—starling!" she laughed.

"And did you never find out—"

"Oh!" she interrupted, "I asked just every one why a knot in a row of pearls should make a wise man—any man—stare so. I was always asking, until some one told me about the old saying of the love-letter, and then—" "And then?"

"And then—" She still hesitated. "By then—" he amended.

"Oh, I'd like to finish," she said, bravely. "By then, I was so anxious for your letters I couldn't untie it. You see," she almost whispered, "my heart was caught in the knot, and it wouldn't untie until you helped me." —L. Parry Truscott, in the Sketch.

GARRET AND CELLAR.

They and Their Old-Time Charms Are Not for the City Bred Child.

Whatever the relative advantages of life in city and country, the child who grows up without knowing anything of green fields and running brooks has lost part of his birthright. City life is full-grown; it is only in the country, in the midst of birds and blossoms and animal life, that one gets close to the joy in mere existence which is the spirit of youth.

But aside from the world of nature, there is another common heritage of the country child which is almost unknown to his city brother—that of garret and cellar. Half a century ago indeed, when cities were still half-country, garrets and cellars found their way into town with other country fashions; but to-day who ever hears of them? If one escapes the seductions of the all-conquering flats, and owns in full his own ceiling and floor, yet space is much too valuable to waste any in a garret; as for a cellar, the real old-fashioned cellar that is, devoted not to furnace and gas-meter, but to bins overflowing with the fruits of orchard and field—what would be the use of that with a market just round the corner?

But who that has known in his childhood the joy of a real garret and cellar would ever part with the memory? The garret may not indeed have been the marvelous one of story-books, with chests full of old-time satins and laces; the rubbish under its eaves perhaps held nothing more romantic than winter flannels or bundles of "pieces," yet none the less the old garret had rare lessons for the child.

Seeking his adventures there or dreaming his dreams, his thoughts were insensibly drawn to the worlds that lay beyond the tiny one of his experience; the wayworn trunks, the broken chairs, the dust-stopped flute or stringless guitar had all been touched by other hands, and ministered to other lives in the shadowy long ago. So to the garret-taught child his life never stood a sharp and isolated fact; it related itself to other lives past and to come, and he knew himself a unit in the great procession.

That was the garret. The cellar was very different. One never dreamed there; unless one was naturally of a venturesome temperament, probably one preferred not to go down unattended; but what treasures came from its shadowed depths! What apples for roasting before winter fires; what jellies and pickles from the dark closets, what boundless stores of delight for Thanksgiving and Christmas! The damp, musty, fruity odor that met one at the head of the dark stairway became the very fragrance of cheer and hospitality.

Poor city child who knows nothing of all this! The biggest of department stores has not yet announced among its attractions garrets nor cellars. But beyond the city streets, in thousands of pretty towns and quiet country places, the garret and the cellar still work their old-time charm.—Youth's Companion.

Her Idea of Identification.

"That bank clerk wouldn't give me the money. He said I'd have to identify myself."

"Did you?"

"I couldn't. None of my linen is marked except my handkerchiefs and I'd forgotten to bring one with me." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cold Beauty.

Towne—What a haughty creature she is. She has rather a foreign look, hasn't she?

Browne—Yes; but I'm sure she's from Boston. Her name is Elizabeth—Philadelphia Press.

Train Service for Dogs.

Berlin, Germany, local trains now have special compartments for passengers with dogs."

Don't be surprised to find yourself on your uppers if you sit around waiting for a dead man's shoes."

Jack hurried back. The children



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

The Leaky Missouri River.

With all its other eccentricities, the Missouri river leaks badly; for you know there are leaky rivers as well as leaky boats. The government engineers once measured the flow of the Missouri away up in Montana, and again some hundred miles further down stream. To their surprise, they found that the Missouri, instead of growing bigger down stream, as every rational river should, was actually 20,000 second-feet smaller at the lower point.

Now, while 20,000 second-feet could be spared from such a tremendous river, that amount of water makes a considerable stream of itself. Many very celebrated rivers never had so much water in their lives. Hence there was great amazement when the discrepancy was discovered. But of late years Dakota farmers away to the south and east of those points on the Missouri, sinking artesian wells, found immense volumes of water where the geologists said there wouldn't be any. So it is believed that the farmers have tapped the water leaking from that big hole in the Missouri river away up in Montana; and from these wells they irrigate large tracts of land, and, naturally, they don't want the river bed mended. Fancy what a blessing it is, when the weather is dry, to have a river boiling out of your well, ready to flow where you want it over the wheat-fields! For of all manner of work that a river can be put to, irrigation is, I think, the most useful. But isn't that a queer way for the Missouri to wander about underneath the ground?—St. Nicholas.

The Buttonhole Trick.

Pass a string (about two feet long with the ends tied together) through a buttonhole of your coat. After hooking a thumb in each loop of the string



LOOKS VERY COMPLICATED.

hook the little fingers into the upper strings of the opposite hand. The string will look very complicated when the hands are drawn apart.

To pull out the string loose the hold of the right thumb and left little finger and draw the hands apart smartly. Then the string will appear to have been pulled through your buttonhole.

Jack's Kodak.

Whenever Uncle Jack came to see Jack junior, his namesake, he always brought him something. This time he delighted Jack more than ever before, for he brought him a small kodak.

Although Jack was only a little fellow, he soon learned to use it very well and felt very proud indeed.

"Now," said Uncle Jack, when he said "good-by," "give and get as much pleasure as you can out of my little present until I come again."

Uncle Jack always said something like his, and it was a help to Jack to remember it when he did not feel like lending his things.

One day mamma sent Jack on an errand. He carried his kodak with him, for he thought he might get a picture. Presently he passed a small house. There were three children in the yard. They were sitting huddled up by the fence, and the two little boys were crying.

The little girl, who was older, looked as if she wanted to cry, too. When Jack saw them, he thought it would be fun to take a picture, and call it "The Cry Babies." He decided he would do this, it would be such a funny picture to show the boys.

Just then he thought of Uncle Jack. It was not very kind to make fun of those little boys, and it would not be, giving any pleasure to take a picture of them when they were so distressed. He opened the gate and went in.

"What is the matter?" he said. "Don't you have any good times?"

The little boys did not answer, but presently the little girl said, "We are so lonely without mamma; she has gone away because papa is sick, and she had to go to him, and we miss her, and a neighbor is taking care of us."

And here the tears came in her eyes.

"Don't cry," said Jack.

Then a happy thought came to him. "I'll tell you," he said. "I'm going on an errand for my mamma, and when I come back I'll take a picture of you and you can send it to your mamma; it



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse."

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. It felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them." —Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City." —\$5000 reward if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Mem. for Good Health.

To-day drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whisky. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co. sole distributors, San Francisco.

Never address a man above forty as "old man."

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures not only swelling, aching, swollen feet. Interest Company. Ingrown Nails and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25¢. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, La Roy, N. Y.

Try at all times to keep the respect of yourself.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all afflictions of the throat and lungs.—Wx. O. ENDLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

A sensible book entertains but never wearis.

Preserve Health, Prevent Illness.

The greatest boon—Health—keep it when you've got it, prevent illness by using Cascarets Catarrhetic, intestinal tonic. All drug-gists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Wanted—Something that will stop worrying.

Sun Flower Rye, the best family whiskey. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

Our American husbands usually show more velvet than claws.

Something that suits both the purse and the palate, will suit you. Old Kirk Whisky is pleasant to the palate and the price is reasonable. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

In our age the genius has to be picked green, like watermelons, so as not to spoil on the market.

"The defeated heart," sighed the woman in black, "has the habit of burying its own dead."

THE DAIRY MAN

WHO HAS A

De Laval Separator

Is the fellow who is prosperous.

The keenness of competition modern dairy methods means that you've gotta have the right equipment in order to make money.

We carry a complete line of creamery and cheese factory and dairy apparatus and supplies

Write for new catalogue.

DE LAVAL DAIRY SUPPLY CO.
Portland, Or.
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65 Front Street

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
24 Post St. S. F.
Send for Catalogue.
The old, reliable College of the Pacific Coast. The largest, the oldest, the best. Students from all over the world. ::

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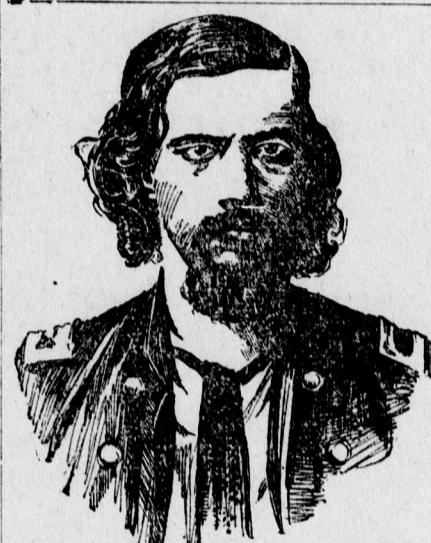
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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

NEW G. A. R. COMMANDER.
Illinoian Now Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army.
At the recent thirty-seventh annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in San Francisco Maj. Gen. John C. Black was elected Commander-in-Chief. General Black was born in Lexington, Miss., on January



27, 1839. He removed to Danville, Ill., when a child. He was educated in the common schools there and at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind. On April 15, 1861, he enlisted in the Union Army as a private. He soon rose to the rank of Colonel, and on April 15, 1865, was mustered out as a brevet Brigadier General of Volunteers. After the war General Black established himself in the law business in Chicago.

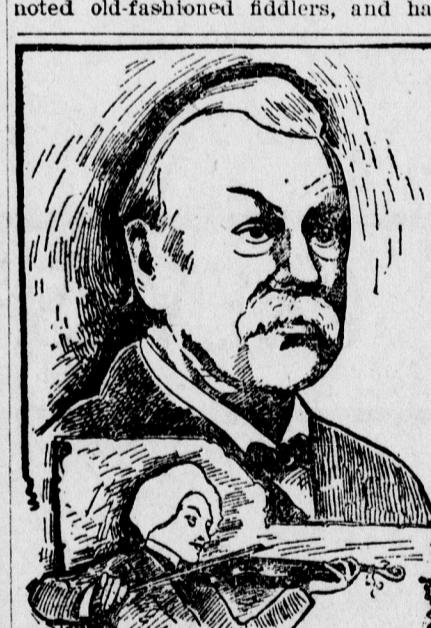


GEN. BLACK IN WAR TIME.

He was made Commissioner of Pen-sions in 1885 by President Cleveland and served during the latter's first term. In 1892 the Democratic Presidential ticket was elected in Illinois, and it carried along with it General Black as one of the Congressmen-at-large. From 1895 to 1899 he was United States attorney for the Northern District of Illinois. He has been commander of the military Order of the Loyal Legion of Illinois and Department Commander of the G. A. R. for Illinois. The second picture reproduced herewith is from a rare wartime photograph.

KENTUCKY FIDDLER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

James Carlisle, of Kentucky, an aged uncle of John G. Carlisle, former Secretary of the Treasury, has won fame as one of the most noted old-fashioned fiddlers, and has



won prizes at many fiddling contests. He can reel off "Snowbird in the Ash Barrel," "Chicken on the Floor," "Money Musk," "Old Dan Tucker," "Arkansas Traveler" and the rollicking strains of the Kentucky fiddlers until heart, hands and feet are stirred in unison.

A Storage-Battery.
A bit of dialogue in the Chicago Tribune seems to indicate that science has no monopoly of knowledge, and that even in definitions of its own making there may be an unsuspected wealth of meaning.

"Thomas," said the teacher of the night school, "can you tell me what a storage battery is?"

"Yes'm," replied Thomas, readily. "I know. It's de pitcher an' ketcher what de cap'n brings out when deudder fellers begins to pile up runs on 'im."

Cost of Education.
Oregon spends for the education of children \$12 a year per capita; Colorado, \$11; Illinois, \$11; California, \$10, while Kentucky spends only \$3.32; South Carolina, \$1.39 and Mississippi, \$2.06.

The average man of sixty has so much hair in his eyebrows, little girls wonder why he doesn't wear it in a braid.

Sensible Swiss Covenants.

Some of the ancient agreements between the little Swiss states were very noteworthy. In 1243 Berne and Fribourg made a covenant which lasted for more than 200 years by which they agreed that even a war between them should not destroy their agreement, that no war between them should be entered on without a previous attempt at conciliation and that within fourteen days of the end of any feud all territory conquered and spoils of war must be returned to their owners. Cities which 650 years ago could agree to such terms deserve to live in history. Basel, Schaffhausen and Appenzell a few years later were wise and farsighted enough to agree "to sit still and seek conciliation" in case of difference between them. Just over 600 years ago the Swiss confederation was founded by the three tiny mountain states Uri, Schwyz and Nidwalden, which, remaining small and unimportant themselves, have by the force of the idea of union drawn to themselves from time to time larger states and powerful cities till today the Swiss nation can in proportion to its size and population boast of a prouder history and greater benefits to mankind than any other nation in Europe.

Melinda Went.

One of the old governors of the Carolinas was a man who had lived a farmer's life most of the time until he was elected, and his wife, having never seen a steamboat or a railroad and having no wish to test either one, refused to accompany her husband to the capital.

When the governor reached his destination he found that almost all the other officials were accompanied by their wives, and he sent an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Melinda along."

The brother telegraphed, "She's afraid even to look at the engine."

The governor read the message and pondered over it for a few moments. At the end of that time he sent off the following command:

"Bill, you blindfold Melinda and back her on to the train."

Melinda arrived at the capital with the victorious Bill twenty-four hours later.

Hobson—How is your brother doing at college?

Dobson—Fine. He's singing first tenor and playing second base.—Indianapolis Journal.

Dragged-Down Feeling

In the loins.

Nervousness, unrefreshing sleep, despondency.

It is time you were doing something. The kidneys were ancillary called the reins—in your case they are holding the reins and driving you into serious trouble.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts with the most direct, beneficial effect on the kidneys. It contains the best and safest substances for correcting and toning these organs.

When a man is bilious he cannot enjoy love stories or jokes.

It is so easy to fall into a habit that calls for less work.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE** \$2.00 retail bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 81 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A watched pot never boils, but a watched husband does.

Mother's will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Women's hearts never break nowadays, but, oh, how often they wither!

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by operation. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling round or imperfect hearing. If the tube is severely closed, the result is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, and the rest by an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Civilization is an evolution. The good things, like "Old Gilt Edge Whisky," mark the highest point in its progression. Remember that, dear, Wightman, Lutgen & Co., 320 Clay St., S. F. F.

It is the undercrust of motive that is the test of the moral pie.

Art is the china of sentiment packed in the sawdust of sense.

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappears."

J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

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wonder why he doesn't wear it in a

braid.

ROSES ADD \$5,000 A YEAR TO HIS INCOME

There is at least one man in England who makes money out of his recreations, and that man is the octogenarian dean of Rochester—Dean Hole. Combining deep learning with a large fund of bright wit and broad humor, he can spare time from his heavy ecclesiastical duties to add \$5,000 a year to his income by growing roses in the musty old town so well known to the lovers of Dickens.

For 60 years the dean has been studying the national flower, and during that time as many as 300 varieties have passed through his hands. He is his own gardener, even at his present advanced age, and it is only the more laborious part of the work that he intrusts to other hands. As early as 7 o'clock in the morning the dean may be seen in his garden looking after his pets. His method of disposing of his roses is through a London

Are You Left Eyed or Right Eyed?

There are but few ambidexters either in the matter of hands, feet or eyes. It may sound rather queer, but it is a fact nevertheless, that ninety-five out of every hundred human beings are right handed, left legged and left eyed.

Felix Hemmet remarked that it is an established fact that we all use one eye more than the other, which establishes as clear a case of "left and right eyedness" as though the same terms were used to denote a preference in the use of hands and feet.

If you want to decide as to whether your friends or relatives are right or left eyed give them a small telescope or spyglass to look through or have them take aim with a gun. We all take great interest in ascertaining the color, size, shape and visual powers of our children's eyes, but how many of us take time to consider whether they are right or left eyed?

A Quaint Song of Wedding.

When a marriage takes place among the Negritos, a people of the Philippine Islands, the whole tribe assembles, and the affianced pair climb two trees growing close together. Then the elders bend the branches that the young folks are on till their heads meet. When the heads have thus touched each other the marriage is legally accomplished, and there are great rejoicings. A fantastic dance completes the ceremony.

What They Wanted.

To explain why his trip had proved so poor, a commercial traveler once wrote a long account of how the weather had affected business in the territory in which he had traveled. In due time he received this reply from his firm: "We get our weather reports from Washington. Don't send us any more. What we want is orders."

Bilious?
Dizzy? Headache? Pain back of your eyes? It's your liver! Use Ayer's Pills. Gentilly laxative; all vegetable. Sold for 60 years.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. H. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. H. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. OF

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.
202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and seweried, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco; South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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